

In a Factual Poem

By Shomit Sirohi

I.        At a Room, We Have Not Met, For Years – You are right Opposite my House

In fact,

I am fine,

Perfection is your art,

I see it in a way,

I am sex she says,

Walking.

II.        Why were we Meeting?

We met,

Many times,

In Images,

Voice,

And Almost literal fact.

Literal is then due,

Like a legal suit,

Which then is freedom as well,

Epistle.

III.        Articulating Language

It produces,

Lip-language,

Or High art,

Pure sound.

Fury.